



PHOEBE DEAREST.

Phoebe, dearest, tell, oh! tell me,
May I hope that you'll be mine;
Oh, let no cold frown repel me,
Leave me not in grief to pine.
Tho' 'tis told in homely fashion,
Phoebe, trust the tale I tell,
Ne'er was truer, purer passion,
Than within this heart does dwell.

Long I've watched each rare perfection,
Stealing o'er that gentle brow,
Till respect became affection,
Such as that I offer now.
If you love me and will have me,
True I'll be in weal or woe,
If in cold disdain you leave me,
For a soldier I will go.

Little care the broken hearted,
What their fate in life may be:
Phoebe, if we once are parted,
Once for ever it will be.
Say then yes, or blindly, madly,
I will rush upon the foe,
And will welcome, oh, how gladly,
Shot or shell that lays me low.



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